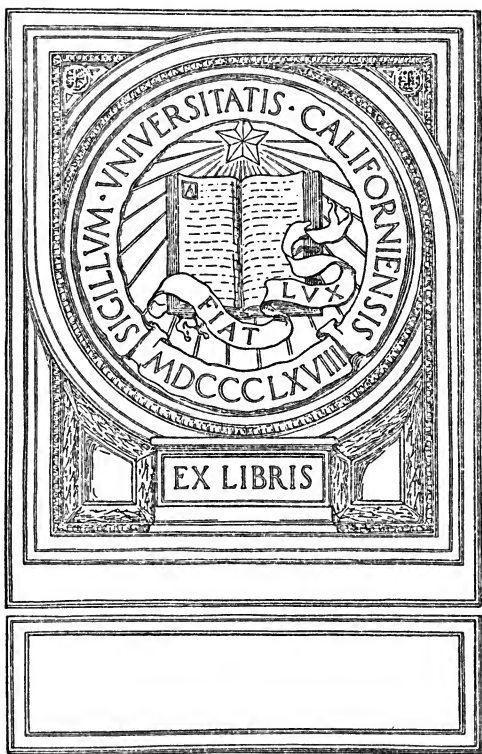




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*At Vesper Time*  
by  
*Ruth Baldwin Chenery*



Miss Allen,  
with the kindest regards  
I remain  
Your affectionate friend  
Rue Baldwin Chen

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# At Vesper Time

## Poems

By  
Ruth Baldwin Chenery

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Le cœur a ses raisons que la raison ne connaît point.

PASCAL.

G. P. Putnam's Sons  
New York and London  
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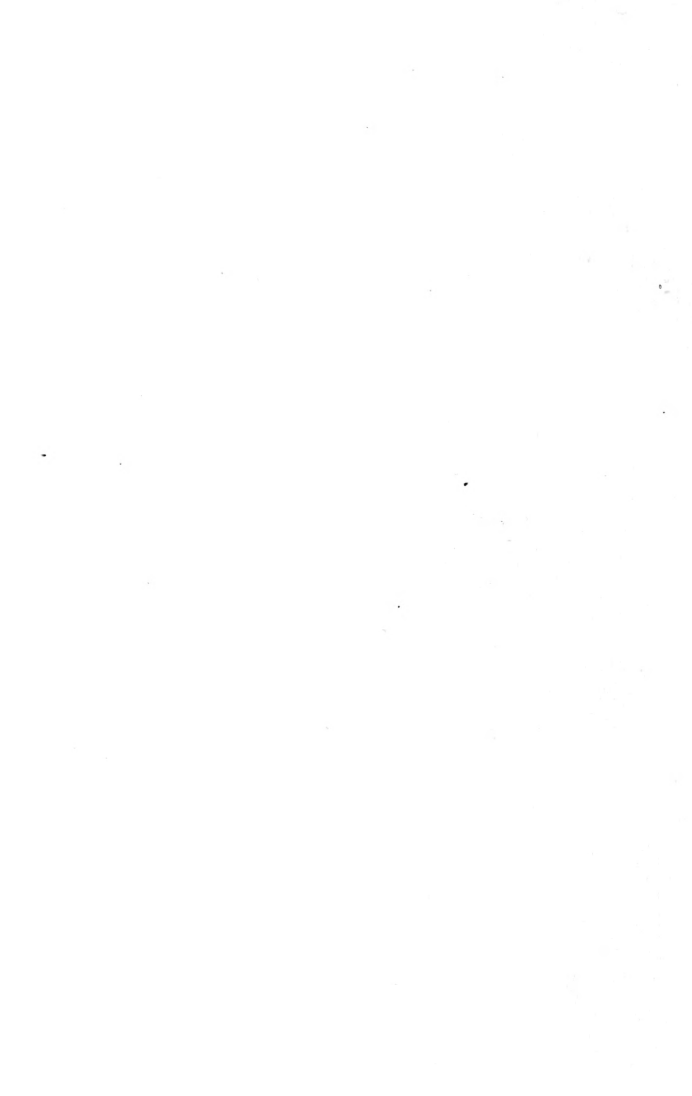
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RUTH BALDWIN CHENERY

The Knickerbocker Press, New York



To

WINTHROP AND ALICE



# CONTENTS

	PAGE
MAN . . . . .	I
WOMAN . . . . .	2
MARCUS AURELIUS . . . . .	3
WHEN BEATRICE LOOKED ON DANTE . . . . .	4
SAINT AUGUSTINE . . . . .	5
GLADSTONE . . . . .	6
ABRAHAM LINCOLN . . . . .	8
ABRAHAM LINCOLN . . . . .	9
JAMES A. GARFIELD . . . . .	10
WILLIAM MCKINLEY . . . . .	11
EMERSON . . . . .	12
NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE . . . . .	13
LONGFELLOW . . . . .	14
EDWARD EVERETT HALE . . . . .	15
PEARY . . . . .	16
SHAKESPEARE . . . . .	17
WORDSWORTH . . . . .	18
KEATS . . . . .	19
CARLYLE . . . . .	20
TENNYSON . . . . .	21
ON TENNYSON'S "IN MEMORIAM" . . . . .	22
TENNYSON ON HIS OWN "IN MEMORIAM" . . . . .	23
DICKENS . . . . .	24

	PAGE
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON . . . . .	25
IBSEN . . . . .	26
ZOLA . . . . .	27
CYRANO DE BERGERAC . . . . .	28
TO JOSEPH JEFFERSON . . . . .	29
JEANNE D'ARC . . . . .	31
LOUIS XVI . . . . .	32
MARIE ANTOINETTE . . . . .	33
CHARLOTTE CORDAY LOOKING UPON MARAT . . . . .	34
EUGÉNIE DE GUÉRIN . . . . .	36
HARRIET BEECHER STOWE . . . . .	37
LUCY STONE . . . . .	38
JULIA WARD HOWE . . . . .	39
CHARLOTTE BRONTË . . . . .	40
EMILY BRONTË . . . . .	41
CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON . . . . .	42
TO LADY GREGORY . . . . .	43
THE MADONNA OF THE CHAIR . . . . .	44
TO M. F. W. H. . . . .	45
TO E. M. L. . . . .	46
COURAGE . . . . .	47
A GREETING TO BROWNING LOVERS . . . . .	48
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING . . . . .	49
ON THE BRONZE CLASPED HANDS OF ROBERT AND ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING . . . . .	51
SONNET ON BROWNING'S MASTERPIECE "THE RING AND THE BOOK" . . . . .	52
BROWNING SAID OF "THE RING AND THE BOOK": "IT LIVES, IF PRECIOUS BE THE SOUL OF MAN TO MAN" , , , , , , ,	53

# Contents

vii

	PAGE
THE MAGDALEN . . . . .	54
TO A WOMAN SEEN ON THE STREET . . . . .	55
THE WINGS OF NIGHT ARE SPREAD . . . . .	56
IN THE EVENING OF LIFE . . . . .	58
SEARCHING FOR GOD . . . . .	59
"THY WILL BE DONE" . . . . .	60
THE LYRE . . . . .	61
THE FATHER-HEART . . . . .	62
MY TASKS . . . . .	63
THE HOME . . . . .	64
TRUTH . . . . .	65
FAITH . . . . .	66
LOVE . . . . .	67
HOPE . . . . .	68
BEYOND THE VEIL . . . . .	69
SORROW ASLEEP . . . . .	70
THOU KNOWEST . . . . .	71
COMRADES . . . . .	72
IN THE TROLLEY CAR . . . . .	73
IN A MUSIC HALL . . . . .	75
MOUNT VICTORIA AT SUNRISE . . . . .	76
WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY AT SUNSET . . . . .	78
AUTUMN TWILIGHT . . . . .	79
LATE AUTUMN . . . . .	80
THE HATE OF HATE . . . . .	81
CALL ME NOT YET . . . . .	82
"ONLY THE BEST OF LIFE" . . . . .	83
"THE LUSITANIA" . . . . .	84
RUSSIA . . . . .	87
AT LAST . . . . .	88



# At Vesper Time

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MAN

What though from something even base I sprang,  
Some ape-like figure of a primal age,  
Not even the strong thrall of heritage,  
Could bind me, when a thrilling voice outrang;  
“Go, cleave thy way, nor fear the serpent’s  
fang,

Not even subtle Death; for thou shalt wage  
A noble strife, and rise from stage to stage,  
Till reason sway thee.” So the summons rang!  
And I obeyed; and woman at my side,  
Her tresses blown against me, fared with me  
At feast or famine, and upon her knees  
Tended our young; and we, awed by the wide,  
Star-lighted night, found God, and shaped our  
plea:

“Let mighty Love outlast the stars and seas!”

## WOMAN

In that dark cave, I heard my firstling's cry,  
And hushed him on my breast, until he came,  
My lord the hunter, that could kill or tame  
The wild things of the wood, that crouch or fly;  
He snatched the fish from water, and could ply  
His magic with a stone and bid a flame  
Make his feast ready. Oh! in pride, not shame,  
I gave the child to him; I knew not why.  
And so down through the ages have I borne  
This miracle of life, defying death,  
So that my woman's love might take this form;  
God of the star-lit Night! God of the Morn!  
I have no joy like watching that light breath  
Heave in the tiny chest, after the storm!



## MARCUS AURELIUS

How strange it seems that thou shouldst speak  
to us

Far down the centuries; and that thy voice,  
August and bland, despite the tumult wild  
Of warring years, should still go sounding on!  
So may it sound forever! Like a bell  
That calls to prayer, it bids us turn away  
From smoothest sophistries that hem us in,  
To gaze like thee, with mild and faithful eyes,  
On Truth in her majestic purity.

## WHEN BEATRICE LOOKED ON DANTE

When Beatrice looked on Dante from afar,  
Down from the wide and smiling fields of  
    heaven,

And she beheld him sitting with wan cheek  
And brows austere, judging the souls of men,  
Haling those great ones down to deepest hell,  
And dooming with a curse that sorrowing pair  
To whirl through the dim space an endless age,  
I think she mused: "O Dante, much I grieve  
That thou shouldst lade thyself with heavy cares,  
That only the great heart of God may carry;  
Oh, when I see thee weigh thy brother's soul  
In thy frail balance, and with look intense  
Meter out his weary doom and seal his fate,  
But that I have forgotten how to weep,  
    My tears would fall!"

## SAINT AUGUSTINE

Saint Augustine! above the sons of men  
Of thine own time, thou seemest still to tower,  
Strong and invincible; and yet the power  
That made thee king among thy fellows, when  
A will of adamant or fire-tipped pen  
Was needed, lay slumbering through the flower  
Of aimless, misspent youth, a wasted dower  
Of golden days, never to come again.  
When that diviner self within thee woke,  
It cast the dreamer out, and unbeguiled,  
Clear-sighted, thou didst leave the clod  
And mire forever, and a prophet spoke  
From out thy lips unto the world—defiled,  
Thou hadst become a very son of God.

## GLADSTONE

*May 19, 1898*

Gladstone is dead, and English hearts beat low  
In their thick-peopled isles with sense of loss;  
In thronging cities, and in dim retreats  
Of cloistered scholars, falls alike the shade  
Grief casts on kindred brows; and flashed afar,  
The solemn message smites upon the soul  
Of all of English blood on the wide earth—  
With not less pain on homeward looking men  
That serve in that broad empire of the East,  
And them that build a younger England there,  
Surged round by the Australian seas.  
And we thine Anglo-Saxon kinsmen sigh,  
And look with reverent eyes upon thy grief—  
We, all unused to clang of arms, so fain  
To sit and brood in peace, must lift the shield,  
And draw the sword for them that strive in vain.  
Gladstone, thou dost not know, but not the less  
We gather comfort and remember yet  
Thy ringing counsel, when the subtle Turk

## At Vesper Time

7

Ground the Armenian faces in the dust.

“England,” thou criedst, “redress this bloody  
wrong;

Arise and act, or from the mother-tongue

Blot out the name of honor!”

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN

*Died April 15, 1865*

Go carve enduring marbles with his name,  
Who bore the martyr's palm branch in his  
prime,  
But let some deathless song preserve his fame,  
When these shall crumble in the wastes of  
time.

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN

"New birth of our new soil, the first American."

LOWELL'S *Commemoration Ode*.

Great-hearted Man, how bold are they that dare  
To wind a newer laurel for thy name,  
To heap up praise upon thy full-grown fame,  
Or round an aureole for thy silvered hair;  
For one immortal ode beyond compare,  
Recites thy worth in words of such acclaim,  
That we no other praise have power to frame,  
O, Bearer of a nation's grief and care.  
But we that may not praise, may love thee yet,  
As well as he that sang the verse sublime,  
For thou wert ours, O Heart, the nation's stay,  
Thou Sage and Martyr! see, our eyes are wet  
With tears of grateful pride, that in our time  
A man so god-like, walked our common way.

JAMES A. GARFIELD

*Died September 19, 1881*

Thou, too, O Martyr, unto thee shall rise  
The incense, Praise shall offer to the few,  
Who wait unwelcome Death, with fearless eyes,  
When life is sweetest and when fame is new.



WILLIAM McKINLEY

*Died September 14, 1901*

And thou, O gentle and O knightly Soul!

No sudden treachery could draw thee down  
To render hate for hate; thy dying dole  
Of mercy is not least of thy renown.

## EMERSON

Great men shall praise, with words that may  
endure,

This Seer-Scholar, who from all the lore  
Of ancient races drew the pith and strength,  
And fused it with his own for human needs;  
But if he hear their praise, will not his smile,  
Wise and half-sad, forbid their eulogy?

Let his great thoughts enlarge a nation's life,  
And let the virile music of his verse  
Awake its slumbering purpose into deeds!  
Be this his praise and immortality.

## NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Hawthorne, I would upon thy magic page  
That men might linger long and, pond'ring,  
find

A knowledge that might help them with their  
kind,

And so be gentler for thy sake; the age  
Doth need thy potent teaching, poet-sage.  
Thou knewest all the tumult in the mind,  
When the vexed soul is torn with motions blind  
That beat against the will, in helpless rage.

The thoughts of children oped before thy look  
Like snowy flowers that the Spring meadows  
star;

Thou knew'st how Vestals pray, and heard'st  
how loud

The heart of manhood beats, that cannot brook  
To stand and wait, when Hope soars high and  
far,

Like some swift bird that seeks the dazzling  
cloud,

## LONGFELLOW

Thy songs, belovèd Bard, are household words;  
Our daily task hath been enriched by thee  
With lovely phrases and the minstrelsy,  
That sings despite the care that life engirds,  
Of that green Arcady, and flocks and herds;  
And that sweet Lady with the Lamp shall be  
Our shining light; and blessèd they that see  
A gospel in Saint Francis and the birds,  
But in thy brook-like measures' limpid flow,  
The singer finds his joy, and his despair,  
So simple and so perfect is thine art;  
And only poets like to thee may show  
The sonnet's power to mount a spirit-stair,  
And reach a height that overwhelms the heart.

## EDWARD EVERETT HALE

Thou, Leader among men! what hast thou done,  
That often at the mention of thy name  
In a far land, strangers strike hands and claim  
A common brotherhood? Their pulses run  
In loyal rhythms beneath the foreign sun;  
And love of country, springing like a flame,  
Thrills warm at heart and lip, and her dear fame  
Wakes manly joy and moves them both as one.  
So hast thou quickened patriot love and pride;  
And greater works than this thy hand hath  
wrought,  
When thou hast lifted, stained with self and sin,  
Sad penitents, while on the other side  
The stately Pharisee, without a thought,  
Left thee alone to bring the kingdom in.

## PEARY

What lured thee forth, brave spirit, for no gain  
In heaped up gold awaited thee at end  
Of the long toil that ever must contend  
With Nature at her sternest, on the main  
Of stormy waters lashed with frozen rain,  
Tossing by night, while bitter winds descend;  
Or toiling over ice fields, that extend  
Their cruel spaces, plain on endless plain.  
Some strong heroic impulse led thee on,  
Some high disdain of softness and of ease,  
Steeled all thy nerves and breathed within thy  
soul;  
God moved on that high mood and all was won;  
*He* urged thee on, o'er hungry lands and seas,  
Till the cold, secret North, revealed the pole.

## SHAKESPEARE

Shakespeare, thy mighty name hath power to fill  
The mind with images of men that strive  
Or love, or quarrel; and thou mak'st alive  
Those gorgeous kings and queens of old, until  
We seem the dream; thy midnight fairies still  
Dance light, or steal the honey from the hive;  
Deep forests see sweet Rosalind arrive,  
With gesture gay, and laugh like mountain rill.  
Thou art not England's Shakespeare, thou art  
ours—

The World's—forever young, defying age;  
Poets are the proud trumpet of thy name,  
And sun them at the zenith of thy powers;  
Imperial Rome looms greater for thy page;  
Cæsar will live the longer in thy fame.

## WORDSWORTH

“The Poet, gentle creature,  
Hath like the lover his unruly times,  
His fits when he is neither sick nor well.”

*The Prelude.*

Poet benign, with floating silver hair,  
And mien so full of conscious dignity,  
As one born to the realm of Poesy,  
Sweeping the lyre to song that may compare  
With Milton's own, when on the charmèd air  
He breathed the sweet and solemn mystery  
Of strains not all of earth, part heavenly,  
Half music and half thought, in fusion rare,  
But, O dear Poet, when the prose hours came,  
You bade them welcome, and would not perceive  
That the Pierian Spring had ceased to flow;  
While Shelley murmured at thy Muse's fame,  
Lo! all at once, thy sky-born thoughts would  
weave  
New spells, and winds from high Parnassus  
blow.



## KEATS

Thou Lover of all beauty, and so fain  
To find it in a rosy Hebe-face;  
Or in the revels on a Grecian vase;  
Or where some haunting music must complain;  
Or in Endymion, soaring to the plain  
Where Phoebe floats in her immortal grace;  
Or in the shadows of some wooded place,  
Where Saturn might have kept his ancient reign.  
And yet, although thy being could respond  
So utterly to these, the joys of sense,  
A deeper thought would all thy mind endue,  
Finding an inner meaning far beyond;  
Holding with Goethe, as we all must hence,  
That "nothing but the beautiful is true."

## CARLYLE

Heroic Carlyle, on thy furrowed brow,  
Fame lays her cool hand in all tenderness;  
She knows thee now, and gladly must confess  
The greatness that could never cringe or bow  
To power or place; and yet, that could allow  
To merit, linked with place and power, no less  
Than praise; Fame greets thee now and would  
redress

The old blind judgments she must disavow.  
Thou couldst not look upon the storied past  
As one unmoved; we feel thy man's heart beat  
With scorn, or sympathy; but take thy rest;  
Thou hast lived all too much in labors vast,  
In searching out world-secrets; now how sweet  
To sleep indeed; God's peace within thy breast.

## TENNYSON

*January 31, 1890*

Poet, thy songs from out the years come down  
Laden with music of the brook and lea,  
With whispers of the leaves on woodland tree,  
With notes of lark and mavis, sounds that crown  
The Maytime, while their happy clamors  
drown

The murmurs of the distant, glimmering sea;  
And myriad voices rise, with minstrelsy  
Of Arthur's court, met in the forest brown.  
And now, I hear to silver clarion blown  
Thy lay of England's banner in the East;  
But most thy lofty song of Love and Death  
Hath stirred the pulse, and still its thrilling  
tone

Shall sound through forward time, a voice  
released,  
And souls to be shall quicken at its breath.

## ON TENNYSON'S "IN MEMORIAM"

Above the murmur of thy bitter sighs,  
And those keen cries of grief wrung from the  
soul,

I hear the music of thy prelude roll  
To that "Strong Son of God" the Heavenly-  
Wise;

In all thy musings under sombre skies,  
And in thy longings, passionate with pain,  
It sounds again in pathos of refrain,  
More subtly than soft clouds of incense rise.

In all the tender hymning of thy love,  
Thy splendid strivings after Faith that pries  
Through Nature, weary of her stony face,  
The rhythms of thy deep measures onward  
move

To that full harmony that underlies  
The deepest mysteries of time and space.

TENNYSON ON HIS OWN  
"IN MEMORIAM"

"Ere these have clothed their branchy bowers  
With fifty Mays, thy songs are vain."

The English Oaks have "clothed their branchy  
bowers"

For more than fifty Mays, and yet thy songs  
Live on, O Poet, for to them belongs  
Ascetic grace, as pure as Alpine flowers;  
And that immortal grief of thine still showers  
With blessing of immortal words, the throngs  
That still their weeping, while their spirit longs  
For faith like thine, that over doubt still towers.  
The oaks shall wither, and their green shall be  
An ancient memory, yet no eclipse  
Shall fall upon thy noblest and thy best:  
English as Nelson! with a soul as free,  
Master of poesy, as he of ships,  
Thy fame, like his, writ in the English breast!

## DICKENS

Upon the beaten road of life we fare,  
Sometimes in glorious sunshine, and again,  
Gazing through the thick ~~m~~ mist of tears; but  
men

Have found a friend in thee, one who will share  
Their daily joys and sorrows, and will dare  
To fling the gauntlet, and take up the pen,  
Attacking coward wrong, in thieving den,  
Or cruel school, or Pharisaic prayer.

But in thy gentler aspects, thou hast taught  
How much of steadfast faith and love hold fast  
Within the breasts of men, and thou hast shown  
To us our foibles, not concealing aught;  
We wince at first, then smile, and at the last,  
Yield to Homeric laughter like thine own.

## ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Hast thou forgotten, Master, all the play  
Of the old magic in that busy brain,  
That wove with subtle warp and woof, a train  
Of fancies weird, or jocund as the day?  
Hast thou forgotten all the mystic sway  
Of Poesy, that sings a deep refrain,  
For "love of lovely words?" Oh, all in vain!  
No answer cometh, though we long delay.  
Yet though these gracious gifts be overpast,  
Thou canst not die; for greater far than these  
Was that strong soul of thine that swept deceit  
From out thy path, and turned thee first and  
    last,  
With faith that shamed the bigot, to the seas,  
Or lands, where God might lead thy weary feet.

## IBSEN

Like some old Viking, thou, that from the prow  
Of his rude sea craft gazed across the main,  
Choosing whom he should conquer; yet again  
He lives in thee, and doth with power endow  
To shake not lands, but souls, that can but bow  
To thy stern buffetings, for thou art fain,  
Like some relentless fate, scorning at pain,  
To brand mankind upon the breast and brow.  
Yet as thy fiords lie gleaming in the sun,  
When the Norwegian summer spreads its bloom  
After the winter, so ofttimes, thy page  
Shimmers with a poetic beauty, won  
From inspiration that casts out the gloom,  
And sends forth rays to last from age to age.



## ZOLA

Thy books, men say, are terrible and dark,  
Thronging with sullen shapes of sin, that haunt  
The chambers of the brain, with power to daunt  
The stoutest heart; I know not, I but mark  
Thy glorious deed, thy courage sheer and stark,  
In that dread time, when Dreyfus, worn and  
gaunt,

Endured on that lone isle a nation's taunt,  
Until life dwindled to a flickering spark.  
Then, O thou great Accuser! then didst thou  
Stand up in wrath, defying Martial Pride  
And those smooth Clerics; in thy bold advance,  
Hurling the truth, making a mighty vow  
To spend thyself for him, and breast the tide  
Of raging hate, to wipe a stain from France.

## CYRANO DE BERGERAC

No page of drama, no, not Shakespeare's own,  
Projects a bolder form and face than thine;  
No prouder soul e'er heard the voice divine  
Of Poesy, when in her trumpet tone  
She calls to gallant deeds; but not alone  
To arms she called, she waked that heart of  
thine

To deathless love, yet bade thee to resign  
All hope; but breathing fervent line on line,  
You won a lover's prayer, but not thine own—  
And yet, ah yet, my noble Gascon! thou,  
Hating the false, and scorning compromise,  
Died'st playing out a part, nor let thine own  
High nature, writ upon that suff'ring brow,  
Claim its own due, till in that fierce surprise  
Where hand to hand with Death, thou fought'st  
alone.

## TO JOSEPH JEFFERSON

It must be sweet to feel thy power,  
To know that thousands wait to greet  
Thy coming, with the joyous shower  
Of welcome thou dost always meet.

But when thou speakest, silence falls  
On that great throng, that not one word  
Of thine be wasted; mute the walls  
That echoed when the greeting stirred.

Then wave-like, laughter falls and flows,  
And lightly care is blown away;  
While all the spirit inly glows;  
Life is forgotten in the play.

Ah then! the pathos of thine air,  
The magic of thy voice, shall change  
The subtle spell and waken there,  
In deeper hearts, a tremor strange.

## At Vesper Time

For one shall lift a deathless song,  
And one shall poise his Hermes fair,  
And one shall live to trample wrong,  
And one shall offer wingèd prayer.

But thou, O Player, hast the grace .  
To touch and teach the human heart.  
God's love be with thee and thy race,  
And may it nevermore depart!

Then sweet indeed shall rest be found  
Beneath thy trees and swaying vines,  
Lulled by the wave and the dear sound  
Of children's voices in the pines.

## JEANNE D'ARC

A peasant maid! she led her flock of sheep  
Along the sunny pastures to the stream,  
Moving her lips in prayer as in a dream,  
Wrapped in a mystery profound and deep,  
Where heavenly voices call her to a steep  
And rugged path, on which she sees a gleam  
Of light ineffable; so shall it beam  
When death shall close those virgin eyes in sleep.  
But, oh, before that longed-for rest shall come,  
What pleadings, what farewells, what fiery zeal,  
What noise of armies, and what victor cries  
Shall shake her soul! nor can betrayal numb  
So great a faith, that for her country's weal  
Spent in the martyr's flame its last low sighs.

## LOUIS XVI

O hapless Louis! in thy veins there ran  
The blood of sixty kings, yet France was loth  
To do thee homage; court and people both  
Fell from thee, and a dark, sinister ban  
Lay on thy royal head, O wretched man!  
Thou and thy fathers broke the kingly oath,  
And cruel hunger made the people wroth,  
And passion rose like flame the wind doth fan.  
And yet, O blind and halting as thou wert,  
Not knowing if to stay, or if to flee,  
When danger did but threaten, at the last,  
When the loud drums preceding thee proclaimed  
Thy death at hand, his spirit lived in thee—  
Saint Louis the Crusader was not shamed.

## MARIE ANTOINETTE

Thou never to the heart of France wast dear;  
An alien woman from the Austrian stem  
The people saw in thee; no deep-cut gem  
That glittered on thy bosom, might appear  
More cold to them than thou; with doubtful  
sneer

Mute masses at thy coming did contemn,  
With silence, more than speech; and naught to  
them,

Thy sovereign grace, or thy most bitter tear.  
O Beauteous One to perish in thy prime!  
But to the scaffold thou didst walk in pride,  
Trampling the griefs that whitened ere the years,  
Thy queenly head; sheer courage, like a tide,  
Rose in thy breast, so high and so sublime,  
Even yet our hearts dilate, too proud for tears.

## CHARLOTTE CORDAY LOOKING UPON MARAT

O piteous Charlotte, who shall shrive  
Thy soul from this dark stain?  
Wash off this plague-spot! lest it rive  
Asunder thought and brain!

For this is blood on thy slight hand,  
And on the milk-white fold  
Across thy breast, and this blue band,  
That round thy hair was rolled.

Unknit thy brows from that dull stare,  
Fixed in a marble calm!  
For he is dead, thy victim there,  
Beyond all help or harm.

Marat is dead! see the great hands  
Relax; the fierce head falls;  
He neither hears nor understands,  
Though someone knocks and calls.



Knot up thy hair; it falls abroad,  
A shower of golden brown,  
Straighten thy bodice; have a care,  
Ere they shall fling thee down,

And call thee "murd'ress," patriot maid;  
They rage without the door!  
It yields! but thou art not afraid—  
Marat fears death no more.

O piteous Charlotte, on thy breast  
Forever lies this brand:  
"I am of those who dare to wrest  
God's judgments from his hand."

## EUGÉNIE DE GUÉRIN

Gentle and gracious Spirit, come again!  
Be with us as we read thy pages rare,  
While we fling by the great world's numbing  
    care,  
And on the casement beats the summer rain.  
Unveil to us the mystic's joy and pain,  
O pure and fervent soul, and let us share,  
Though all unmeet, thy thought, thy wingèd  
    prayer;  
Humble and bless our spirits, cold and vain.  
Blue skies of Languedoc arch high and deep,  
As hand in hand with thee, through meadows  
    fair,  
Hearing thy vibrant voice, we seem to stray;  
We shut the book and yet the illusion keep—  
A woman fit to grace a court, or wear  
The halo of a saint has passed our way.

## HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

Unto thy faithful heart the summons came  
As unto John in Patmos, when so keen  
The call came to thee, "Write what thou hast  
seen;

Go, waken men that slumber, to the blame  
That dims the splendor of their country's  
name,

And makes of her a by-word, for I mean  
To weigh them in the balance, and between  
Their brows to set the signet of their shame."

O Woman-Seer! thou didst write a tale  
That woke the stifled conscience, and drew forth  
Indignant tears; and pity like a wave  
Swept round the world, and in its trail  
At last came justice, and the South and North  
Saw God within the whirlwind come to save.

## LUCY STONE

When twilight falls and all the silver grey  
Invites to musing, then I ponder long  
Upon life's power and meaning, and a song  
Wells from the heart, grateful that such as they,  
Strong men and women, faithful to the sway  
Of hard, insistent service, moved along  
Our foot-worn paths, ennobling all the throng  
With lofty standards lifted to the day.  
In that high company, a chosen one  
Moved on serene in gracious womanhood;  
Shriven from self, she had the seer's gaze  
To foresee human needs, for not alone  
By bread a race may live; she understood  
That love with justice, love alone outweighs.

## JULIA WARD HOWE

How often, when she entered, did we rise  
And stand in waiting hundreds till she passed  
Serenely to her place, from whence she cast  
Such gracious looks on all around, from eyes  
Undimmed as yet by age, so kind, so wise,  
That awe mixed with our love, and when at last  
Her low voice broke the silence, hearts beat  
fast,

Stirred by the solemn words we hoard and prize!  
O Sibyl-eyes! O eloquent white hair!  
Ye helped the burning message find its goal  
In our true breasts; for not in easeful age  
Wast thou content to dwell; thy brooding care  
Yearned over all, O mother of the soul  
That thou hast wakened to its heritage.

## CHARLOTTE BRONTË

Thou, Charlotte Brontë, art more real to me  
Than half the Juno-women that I meet;  
Thy slender form and shy looks come to greet  
Still once again, as in my girlhood free;  
I seem to hear thee speak, to live with thee  
In thy life-warm creations, that still beat  
Even as with thy pulse; and at thy feet  
I lay this leaf plucked from the laurel tree.  
Thy virile Yorkshire men still stride the moor,  
Or play the wizard, or make stormy love;  
Thy women, made of fire and dew, still hold  
Their wistful charm; however bleak and poor  
Thy moorland home, it brought us wealth above  
Thy dreams, dear Charlotte, or the miser's gold.

## EMILY BRONTË

O, Spirit-maid, life ebbs and flows, and still  
The wonder lasts, a girl's white soul could know  
The urge of headlong passion, and the woe,  
When man's fierce heart disdains both good and  
    ill;

But even if you guessed it from the thrill  
Of storied page, who gave you power to throw  
Such glamor round it, that our hearts beat low,  
Almost in fear, and all against our will?  
The moors long waited for your footstep light,  
That hardly crushed the heather where it fell;  
They missed the vision of sweet maiden grace,  
Rose-like, transparent cheek, and figure slight;  
You came no more your eerie dreams to tell,  
For Genius drew you to her own embrace.

## CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON

In some green field of asphodel,  
Beside a blue and placid stream,  
Thou liest asleep, in lovely dream  
Of music from some far-off bell.

When thou shalt waken from that sleep,  
In the bright presence at thy side,  
Behold an angel, come to guide  
And lead thee up a flowery steep.

Oh, he shall discourse tenderly,  
And shed a glory in his glance,  
And thou shalt listen in a trance,  
As we have listened unto thee.

Then he shall tell of mystic things,  
While more majestic grows his face,  
Till soaring into light and space,  
He bears thee on with shining wings.



## TO LADY GREGORY

Artist! no need hast thou of all the pride  
Of storied castles, long-drawn galleries,  
Hung with escutcheons, showing forth the rise  
Of some great race from pictured knights that  
ride

Forever into battle, sword on side;  
Nor yet these haughty ladies, from whose eyes  
The light yet seems to sparkle, while their guise  
Of nymph or shepherdess is all belied.  
No gawds like these; a cabin poor and bare,  
A table set with delf, a low peat fire,  
A child, a vagrant with a voice of gold,  
The tragic silence of a steep, worn stair,  
A folk-song with old words that never tire—  
Mid these, thy flower of genius doth unfold.

## THE MADONNA OF THE CHAIR

To A. C. F.

Serene young mother, with thy rosy boy,  
    Pressed to thy breast! thy meekly parted hair,  
Thy tranquil eyes, thy look of softened joy,  
    Remind me of that Holy Mother fair.

Thy graceful head down-bending to the child,  
    In eloquence of tenderness and care,  
Thy lovely level brows, thine aspect mild,  
    Recall the dear Madonna of the Chair.

TO M. F. W. H.

1913

Within the measured sonnet's metred round,  
Let me embalm thy memory aright,  
Thy classic face, thine earnest eyes alight  
With sympathy; the zeal that never found  
A task too hard; thy loyalty as sound  
As tempered steel; thy more than woman's  
might

To crush thy griefs far down and out of sight,  
That thou in ministries might more abound.  
What though to thee 'twere easier to lead  
Than wait to follow? When so plain the path  
Lay through the golden grain of some wide field  
Ripe to the sickle, thou wert glad indeed  
To lead the way; our love is aftermath  
Of thine own life, the later harvest-yield.

## TO E. M. L.

With light and graceful movements, and sweet  
eyes,

And hair that rippled to a classic coil,  
In youth thou look'dst a being that might foil  
The deep designs that Time might yet devise;  
He wore thy strength with every test that tries,  
With care, with grief, with ease, with earnest  
toil;

But that staunch woman-heart he could not  
spoil:

He could but make thee yet more brave and  
wise.

Thy buoyant mien hath vanished long ago;

Pain traces a light network on thy brow;

Thy beauty is but shadow-like and faint.

Yet, though the waning fires of life burn low,

Still to thine own, guide and protectress, thou!

We know not which to call thee, "friend," or  
"saint."

## COURAGE

IN MEMORIAM—MAVIS H——

O Courage, let men joy in thy high heart,  
That scorns at craven fear, and waves a hand  
Of glad compliance, when by sea or land  
War summons them; they fear no dart  
Of lightning from the ships, and seek their part  
Where danger is the surest; crave command  
To fill some gap, and like a wall to stand  
Facing a stormy death, and so depart.

But braver still than these, who match their  
powers  
Against the fire and steel, when Honor calls  
So loud in trumpet tones, are those, I deem,  
That years cannot defeat with Pain; in hours  
Of sullen night, no gloom or doubt appalls,  
They smile at Death! oh, victory supreme!

## A GREETING TO BROWNING LOVERS

Lovers of Robert Browning, could we praise  
Our Poet-Master in a dreamy verse,  
That born and steeped in music, might rehearse  
His mighty genius, building phrase on phrase,  
He scarce would thank us; for the victor bays  
Are green about his brow, and no reverse  
Can ever dim them: fame howe'er perverse,  
No more can vex him with her long delays.

O, let us feel like him the joy of life;  
The throstle's singing and the hawthorne  
flower  
Cheered his whole soul, and nothing mean or  
sad

Made him despair that man shall rise through  
strife;  
"God's in his heaven!" we will not flinch or  
cower,  
So shall we make the Heart of Browning glad.

## ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

### I

Not from the "Portuguese," O Lady, nay,  
Despite the languorous eyes, the oval face,  
The heavy clustering hair, no southern race  
Bare thee upon its stem, for the deep play  
Of all thy rhythmic pulses did betray  
An English-hearted woman, with no trace  
Of Latin blood; yet more than Latin grace  
Breathed in thy song, winging its upward way.  
But English ivies, and the hollow sound  
Of waves that lash the cliffs were not more dear  
To thee, O singer, than dark olive trees,  
Or fair Italian cities, clustering round  
Blue shimmering bays where one must ever  
    hear  
Deep breathings of the ocean stretched at ease.

### II

Though grace and beauty wove for thee a spell  
So deep and constant, yet thou couldst not rest

In their enchantment, for within thy breast  
There beat so high a heart that naught befell  
Mankind, in palace or in prison cell,  
And found thee passive; and thine interest  
Was sometimes passion; for the burden pressed  
On hapless childhood fell on thee as well.  
But not in those weak tears that women shed  
Didst thou show pity; no, not even for these,  
And not for giant wrongs Italia bore;  
But thou didst fuse thy soul in words that sped,  
Fire-tipped and scathing, o'er a waste of seas,  
To stir the heart of England to its core.



ON THE BRONZE CLASPED HANDS OF  
ROBERT AND ELIZABETH  
BARRETT BROWNING

O, Poet-hands, so closely clasping there  
In that mute, shining bronze, that shall outlast  
Great centuries to be and, holding fast,  
Reveal to stranger eyes a love more fair,  
More even-weighted for each heart to share,  
Than any classic poet of the past  
Has sung to us, in mood however vast,  
Teach then, as now, clasped hands, that love is  
prayer.

And when this bronze in farther ages still,  
Lies ruined, low, shattered in golden dust,  
Then shall the love it storied forth so long,  
Smiling at Death and Time, move to fulfil  
Its spacious task, moulding in joyous trust  
Sublimer purpose in sublimer song.

SONNET ON BROWNING'S MASTERPIECE  
"THE RING AND THE BOOK"

O Ring, no slender, narrow circlet thou!  
Enwrought thou liest firm and massive there,  
Welded of virgin gold; some craftsman rare  
Enriched thee thus, mayhap for marriage vow.

Old Yellow Book, the centuries allow  
A thousand readers, and but one aware  
Thou hadst a soul; when in that Florence  
square

\* The wind of inspiration swept his brow:

Behold, O ye the Poet's voice awakes,  
Another Ring, from gold was never mined,  
To guard his Singer's "golden verse," he said;

Another Book, which tells that morning breaks,  
With Phosphor-star of Truth, for human-  
kind;

This Ring and Book, forever shall be wed.

\* "A spirit laughs and leaps through every limb,  
And lights my eye, and lifts me by the hair,"

## BROWNING SAID OF "THE RING AND THE BOOK:"

"It lives, if precious be the soul of man to man."

O thou Great Soul, with what a joyous beat  
The heart still throbs at thine exultant cry,  
For thou art not of those that would deny  
To Genius, even thine own, the largess meet;  
It was not thine to taste the lulling sweet  
Of early praise; for long did men decry  
The greatness of thy powers, but for reply,  
At last, Fame cast her laurels at thy feet.

"If precious be the soul of man to man,  
It lives"; what though the centuries forget  
It's crowding details, as the English plod  
Forever forward in Heaven's unknown plan:  
"It lives"; its truth shall be immortal yet,  
If precious be the soul of man to *God*.

## THE MAGDALEN

He sat in Simon's house, a slighted guest,  
No kiss upon his cheek, no ointment brought  
To soothe the weary head, heavy with thought,  
No water for the feet so soon to rest;  
And then she came, the Magdalen, confessed  
A sinner, and poured out the spikenard, bought  
At so great price, upon his feet, and caught  
Her breath in sobs that shook her grateful  
    breast.

Then to the cynic Pharisee, Christ told,  
With noble gestures, as when one commands,  
The story of the debtors; all the feast  
Delayed to hear the moving tale unfold;  
Proud Simon drooped his head upon his hands,  
When that stained woman rose, from sin released.

## TO A WOMAN SEEN ON THE STREET

O thou marred face! and wast thou e'er  
Lighted with girlhood's smile,  
Those heavy-lidded eyes, once fair,  
Before they knew this guile?

What can we say to thy maimed soul,  
O wreck of sisterhood?  
Thy scornful smile accepts no dole;  
Hate is thy daily food.

We dare not judge thee, piteous one,  
We women safe in fold;  
We know not how thy tears have run,  
From eyes now over-bold.

We only know thy straying feet  
Must sometime find the way,  
For God knows nothing of defeat,  
In all that seems delay.

## THE WINGS OF NIGHT ARE SPREAD

A light wind stirs, and night broods o'er the  
earth,

That seems at last to sink to sleep, and here,  
Slumber more sweet than Hybla's honey, lays  
A spell on all my dearest and they dream,  
Forgetting that the day will come again;  
Rest, O my heart, the wings of night are spread.

I see thee, O my mother, full of years,  
I mark the chiselled beauty of thy face,  
The silken hair, parted like silver wings,  
On the low brow so lined with grief and care,  
Thou lookst an agèd Queen lying in state,  
Rest thee, dear Heart, the wings of night are  
spread.

Gently I ope this door, lest I awake  
The husband and the father from his rest;  
Peaceful his brow, his stalwart frame relaxed,  
One massive hand lies nerveless on his breast,  
The hand that fends between the world and us,  
Sleep, O Belovèd, thine and mine sleep too.

And at the children's doors I linger long,  
Ye sleep to-night beneath your father's roof;  
How know I what huge distance calls you forth  
Within the coming years, what other hearths  
Shall win you from us! Ye are ours to-night;  
Rest, O my heart, the wings of night are spread.

What can I wish thee better, dearest ones,  
Than balmy sleep after the eager day;  
Within my heart I fold ye all, and now  
Mine eyelids droop, my pillow waits for me,  
Sleep calls me, too; again, Good-night, Good-  
night;  
Rest, O my heart, the wings of night are spread.

## IN THE EVENING OF LIFE

Dearest, not far before us lies  
The parting of the ways,  
As one by one, the sunset skies  
Close on these golden days.

I pray that I may be the one  
To 'scape a numbing woe;  
To leave my task, though crudely done  
And fold my hands and go.

And yet, and yet, how could I bear  
To leave thee all the pain?  
Ah me, to choose I may not dare,  
Though choosing is but vain.

\* \* \* \* \*

Be still, my heart! for he is called,  
The tender and the wise;  
Hush! make no moan! but sit enthralled;  
He walks in Paradise.



## SEARCHING FOR GOD

Illimitable Water, stretching dim,  
To that far line where sky and ocean meet,  
With tireless waves that hurry and retreat,  
Dost thou know God? My sorrow seeketh him.

And thou, O Mountain, lifting to the sky,  
Thy silent forests in the amber air,  
That Springtime twilight sheds, divinely fair,  
Dost thou know God? Grief longs for thy reply.

They did but answer, cautiously and slow,  
"He made us, Mortal, therefore go in peace;  
We know not sorrow, no, nor yet surcease;  
Our task, to watch the ages come and go."

But, O the City Streets! the Human Tide!  
The crowds of men and women, proud or mean,  
Unlocked the sluices of a faith so keen,  
I knew God there, I felt Him at my side!

## “THY WILL BE DONE”

O grief-worn Son of God, upon thy head  
The stars of night a pitying watch did keep,  
While near at hand, but sunk in selfish sleep,  
Thy friends lay prone, unheeding as the dead.  
But when the yielding will within thee said:  
“Thy will be done!” thou heardest the sweep  
Of angel wings, and from the awful steep  
Of sheer despair, thy feet were backward led;  
So wast thou comforted; and yet, how hard—  
Yea, even now, though thou hast shown the  
way—

To conquer grief, for us to smite the breast,  
And trample self upon the barren shard,  
And cry, “Thy will be done!” O blessèd they  
Who can submit, for so shall they find rest.

## THE LYRE

Now all the more, this slender lyre of mine,  
Of so few strings and all so seldom used,  
Its tone of late with sorrow interfused,  
Shall still ring true and sing of things divine;  
Of Truth that knows no change and no decline,  
Of Faith that cannot falter or refuse,  
Of Love that triumphs, though it seem to lose,  
Of Hope that faints not while one star shall shine.  
And when my lyre shall sing of these high themes,  
My fingers shall not tremble on the strings,  
For I have naught to do with coward fears;  
Humility makes bold; and yet, meseems,  
Although my life is fed from hidden springs,  
I must have time to staunch these blinding tears.

## THE FATHER-HEART

W. L. C.

*1845-1915*

His was the Father-Heart that blessed us then,  
With that high nature of abounding cheer  
And central strength, incapable of fear;  
Not quailing at the death of well-loved men,  
But living in a trust beyond the ken  
Even of his own poised soul; and holding dear  
Each man and woman; and forever clear  
Of mean suspicion in his word and pen.  
But we, his dearest, cannot well extol—  
We fear to wound his sacred memory,  
With lavish words, that seek to phrase  
His charity and nobleness of soul;  
For somehow, still, his gentle dignity,  
With finger on his lip, forbids our praise.

## MY TASKS

The years crowd on me, and the well-loved task  
Slips from my hand, no longer needing me;  
No longer children, leaning on my knee,  
Tax wisdom with the questions that they ask;  
No more in the warm sunshine may we bask,  
And talk again of bird, and flower, and bee;  
Nor read the poets, nor in history  
See kingdoms crumbling, when the great un-  
mask.

No more to thee, Belovèd, am I now,  
Thine other eyesight, in advancing years,  
For thou hast passed, and left me here alone;  
But I am needed to fulfil a vow  
The spirit makes, that though Faith yield to  
tears,  
It shall not waver, or be overthrown.

## THE HOME

*November, 1915*

The home, that through long years was dear to  
me,

Still lies all bathed in sunshine, as of old;  
Yet silence makes the very walls seem cold,  
That once responded to the minstrelsy,  
Of flute-like voice and viol, that could free  
The spirit from its cares; O, all untold  
The worth of olden hours! as manifold  
In gifts as fruit upon a lavish tree.

The father and the son, at twilight time,  
Sat side by side and gravely talked,  
Enwrapped in a companionship profound;  
And then, the evening lamp, the book sublime,  
When "gentle Shakespeare entered" and we  
walked

With Kings and Queens upon enchanted ground.

## TRUTH

And what is Truth? It is the primal word  
The morning stars sang in the heavenly space,  
When on their axes rolled, they found their  
place,  
As the vast universe in order stirred.

Truth is the naked fact, whispered unheard,  
Or cried upon the housetop, with no trace  
Of e'er so slight alloy, even for grace;  
The martyrs died to keep it all unblurred.

And he who would to perfect truth attain,  
Must be as single-hearted as a child,  
Turning aside from lure of privilege,

Or passionate pursuit of any gain;  
Of measured golden speech, serene and mild,  
More potent than the sword of double-edge.

## FAITH

Faith is the strength in which we dare to say:  
O bitter Grief, thou shalt not break my heart,  
For truly I am stronger than thou art;  
Thou canst not altogether have thy way;  
For if I cannot praise, I yet can pray,  
And this will pour a balm upon thy smart,  
And I will rule thee, since we may not part,  
And thou shalt grow more tender, day by day.

Faith is the strength in which men dare to die,  
Walking the fiery path the martyrs trod,  
Seeking with joy their uttermost to give,  
In a blind trust, nor ever asking why;  
But unto us give greater strength, O God!  
Give us the strength by which we dare to *live*.



## LOVE

Although I seek unto the farthest line,  
Where thought and speech may mingle, for a  
word

As musical as those the forest heard,  
When Orpheus smote his silver lyre divine,  
The search is vain; Love's essence seems too fine  
To prison in the bars of speech; unheard  
Its footfall light; oft-times the heart strings  
stirred

As by a harper's hand, it's only sign.  
And yet, Love's music is the common tongue  
That men and angels speak; the simplest word  
Befits it best, all chosen speech above:  
Say, therefore, "Love is life"; it breathes among  
Immortal heights, and there it is averred,  
By the most holy Saints, that *God* is love.

## HOPE

O sovereign Hope, not as we pictured thee,  
A woman-shape, ethereally slight,  
With wide eyes, beaming with a steady light,  
Up-pointing hands, and tresses floating free—  
Oh, no, not so thou seemest now to be;  
A strong man-angel, thou, with looks of might,  
A star upon thy front, wings made for flight  
Into high Heaven, yet leaning unto me—  
And in thy clasp, no emblem of thy power,  
No scroll with promise of a future good,  
That Life, some dream-like, far-off day, may  
    give;  
But, parting with thine hands, from hour to  
    hour,  
The saving manna of a daily food—  
The bread by which, indeed, our souls may live.

## BEYOND THE VEIL

### RECOGNITION

Oh, then, after the "Is it thou?" "And thou?"  
The clasping hands, the hush and eloquence  
Of that first silence, in the rapt suspense!  
No need of any spoken word or vow,  
Leaning with cheek to cheek, and brow to brow;  
Till thou, at last, "Before thou camest hence,  
How fared it with thee in that world of sense?  
Tell me; thou wilt forget, an hour from now."  
Then I, "Belovèd, all was well, although  
I felt an ache in every stretching field,  
And my old trick of laughter was forgot;  
All was not gloom, for all men seemed to know  
And love thee; and their tearful praise did yield  
Dew to my heart—although thou heardst it not."

## SORROW ASLEEP

Sleep, Sorrow, cradled in my breast!

Peace! do not wake! my foot is light,  
And careful not to break thy rest;

My woman's hand is fine and slight,  
And it shall lie above thy nest,

And brood and hush thee in the night.  
Sleep, Sorrow, cradled in my breast!

## THOU KNOWEST

“Thou knowest”: this is sometimes all our  
prayer;

Thou knowest: let us leave with Thee our care;

Thou knowest: all the bitterness of grief;

Thou knowest: the deep calm of Thy relief.

## COMRADES

Sometime, I know this heart-deep verse I writ  
To share mine own, without a thought of fear,  
Will touch some unknown woman-soul and  
    knit  
Her heart to mine, as to a comrade dear.

## IN THE TROLLEY CAR

The swart Italian in the trolley car,  
Hoarded his children in his arms and breast;  
The mother, all unheeding, sat afar,  
Her splendid eyes were vague, her lips com-  
pressed.

One Raphael-boy slipped from his father's knee,  
Climbed to her side, and gently stroked her  
cheek,  
She turned away, and would not hear his plea,  
She turned away, and would not even speak.

With trembling lips the child crept back again  
To the warm shelter of his father's breast;  
We looked indignant pity, for till then  
We thought that mother-love bore every test.

We rose to go, the father-mother said,  
In deep, low tones, "Don' t'inka hard, you  
bet

The younges' was too-seeck, and he is *dead*,  
She will be alla right, when she forget."

When she forgets! "Great-Heart," hold closer  
yet

Thy precious brood and let it feel no lack!  
Until her soul shall wake, but not forget,  
When the warm tides of love come surging  
back.



## IN A MUSIC HALL

Let us speak low, this place is dedicate  
To thee, Euterpè, goddess of the lyre,  
Thou that canst wake from dreams, and urge  
    with fire,  
The drooping soul, to strive anew with fate.

Ah, sweet Euterpè, soften thou the pain  
    Of bitter losses, and of brooding care;  
    Then fling a joyous strain upon the air,  
And youthful hearts shall dance to thy refrain.

## MOUNT VICTORIA AT SUNRISE

LAKE LOUISE, ALBERTA

Victoria, Queen Mountain! all night long  
The stars have looked upon thy state, and seen  
Thy pure white mantle folded on thy breast,  
And thy proud head lifting its snowy crown  
Into the steel-cold heaven, as Sovereign there.  
But lo! the starlight pales! Dawn cometh now!  
A rosy veil spreads over thy white robes;  
Again the sun begins his age-long suit,  
And claims thy crown; but oh, how virginal  
Art thou, O most austere, yet lovely one!  
Thou wilt not own him Lord, Empress of Snows!  
Thou art not lonely, no; thy sisters twain,  
Deep-bosomed mountains, wait on either hand,  
To do thee homage as the fairest one—  
Dense-wooded at the base, their sunny slopes  
Shimmer with velvet grass, although so stern  
    Their awful foreheads.  
The wondrous crystal lake, lies at thy feet,  
A liquid emerald, where thou and thine  
May see the pictured image of thy loveliness.

A light wind whispers, and a deeper green  
Seems poured upon the waters, pool on pool;  
It breathes more freshly, and the crested waves  
Hurry upon the shore with eager sounds—  
But thou, Sublime Victoria, keep'st thy state  
In an unchanging silence, save for that  
Low, mellow thunder of the avalanche.

## WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY AT SUNSET

*St. Louis, October, 1914*

Not Oxford's "dreaming spires," nor any pile  
Where learning holds her treasures to her breast,  
Excels thy grandeur, when the lavish West  
Pours forth her crimson billows mile on mile.  
O sunset glory! linger yet awhile,  
And drench with color the long walls, and crest  
The castellated towers with fire, and rest,  
Ere night shall lead thee down her long defile.  
Queen Mother!—so shall thy children call thee—  
Sitting in state upon thy wind-swept hill,  
Aware of waking fame, abide and grow;  
Beckon thine own, and gather at thy knee  
New generations, steadfast to fulfil  
Thy lofty hopes, while sunsets come and go.

## AUTUMN TWILIGHT

Twilight falls soft upon the village street;  
The amber in the west, pales into grey;  
The hollow wind that whirled the leaves all day,  
Sank with the dying sun, and its retreat,  
Is followed by a quiet as complete,  
As in some minster where men come to pray,  
For not one passer walks upon the way,  
Worn by the long slow years and many feet.  
Brief silence! for ye shall behold them now,  
The men that labor, coming from afar,  
Stooping, thick-set and strong; and their slow  
    pace,  
Tells that their strength is spent at forge and  
    plough;  
One sees, from his low doorway, like a star,  
A light flash out, above a welcoming face.

## LATE AUTUMN

Meadows, deep-billowed with dun waving grass,  
Stretch to dun woods, where the white birches  
lift

Imploring arms, and round their knees, a drift  
Of tangled bronze, fills up the narrow pass;  
And still beyond, dun fields, with trees a mass  
Of brown and deadened leaves; but through a  
rift,

Now shines an afterglow, that seems a gift  
Of beauty thrown away on this morass.

But see! in that far orchard's ling'ring green,  
A human touch, that makes the eyes o'erflow;  
What patient toil lavished on those young trees  
By hardened hands, and to what end is seen:  
The little home, its windows now aglow,  
Made all that labor sweeter far than ease.

## THE HATE OF HATE

Brave English, do ye not remember well  
That aged Singer, whom we count so great,  
Chanted the "scorn of scorn," the "hate of  
hate,"

Though this stern time, he could not then fore-  
tell?

Let "hate of hate," be as a warning bell,  
Sounding till the vast tumult shall abate;  
If it be true we half command our fate,  
And half deserve, O Brothers, choose not hell.  
The "hate of hate," high words for him who  
dares,

Huddled in the deep trenches, wet and cold,  
Poising his gun upon the clayey sod,  
And blenching not, when the grim shell outflares;  
He grips his task—sheer duty keeps him bold—  
He dares not *hate*, there in the sight of God!

## CALL ME NOT YET

Call me not yet, from this Thy wayward world,  
Not that I fear to leave the company  
Of mountain heights, nor the serenity  
Of new-waked morning, with her dew's impearled,  
Or fleets of homing ships, with sails unfurled,  
Or present friends, or those of memory,  
Or dearest kin, or poignant harmony;  
Call me not yet from out Thy wayward world.  
Call me not hence, until the warring hosts  
Are hushed to peace; until the costly flesh,  
Shaped in the womb of woman, is not cast  
As waste upon a field of crowding ghosts;  
Ah God! the charge is on, and men enmesh,  
And crush, and shatter, and the hell-fires blast!



# "ONLY THE BEST OF LIFE"

To G. C. H.

1851-1910

My Brother, dost thou turn on that far shore,  
Gazing as out to sea, back to our earth,  
And note the mad confusion, and the dearth  
That straitens nations; and heard'st thou the  
    roar  
Of mighty shells, that mowed down men, and  
    tore  
The front of Rheims, and crumpled age and  
    birth,  
Into the clay? What then were Heaven worth!  
Thy blessedness were marred forevermore.  
Ah no, no murmur of this Titan-strife,  
Shall mar thy peace; thy memory, perhaps,  
Records no pain, and only conscious seems  
Of noble friendships, and the best of life,  
Trust, love, warm-hearted laughter, and the  
    lapse  
Of fruitful years, all-golden, as in dreams.

## “THE LUSITANIA”

### I

Go forth, O noble Ship, and bear along  
A little world, hidden in thy deep breast,  
Of men and women, babes to bosom pressed,  
And children singing stray notes of a song;  
For there are statesmen in that varied throng,  
Writers and artists following their behest,  
And there are lovers at life's topmost crest,  
And many bronzed sailors, tall and strong.  
Our blessing on thee, O majestic Ship!  
Take all these precious human lives to port,  
For what are black and sudden storms to thee?  
Thou wilt but smile, as at their childish sport,  
So safe, so strong, thou feelst thyself to be.

### II

O Ship, what aileth thee? What giant shock  
Hath made thee quiver, and thy funnels veer  
From their proud lines, to dip as if in fear?

And why do men pour forth, and call, and knock  
At every door, and loose the boats, and block  
The way of all return, and tie the gear  
Of life-belts onto others, careless here  
Of their own lives, these men of hero-stock?  
And mothers clasp their babies in their arms,  
While wide-eyed children cling about their knees.  
No man or woman quails; fear has no room;  
They are beyond the reach of all alarms;  
The mighty ship is staggering in the seas,  
And with a roaring plunge goes to her doom.

## III

Farewell! farewell! deep ocean's oozy floor  
Must pillow every head, for there they lie,  
Done to their death; and yet, they cannot die—  
In spite of surge, and all the deep uproar  
Of sullen billows, they have reached the shore  
Of all true hearts: we seem to hear them cry:  
"Remember, oh remember, from the Sky  
Our vengeance cometh; weep for us no more."  
And now we sing their praise, and tell how Fame  
Had loved their names, could they with us have  
    stayed  
A few more years to make some rich bequest—

Immortal deeds, or words set all aflame;  
Done to their death; yet they had sovereign  
aid,  
For Thou, Lord God, hast drawn them to thy  
breast.

## RUSSIA

Colossal Russia, latest of the lands  
To spurn the yoke! How long its weight has  
pressed

Upon thy giant shoulders! Hast thou guessed  
Thy strength at last, and broke the iron bands  
The monarchs forged, as they were ropes of  
sand?

Remember ye that Ivan! guard Thee, lest  
His brood with subtle promise, may infest  
The wav'ring soldiery he understands.

O, Russia of the steppes of flowers and wheat,  
O Russia of the frozen plains and seas,  
Russia of cities, and the bloody clod  
Of those Siberian wastes; may no defeat,  
Fall on thy banners rippling in the breeze,  
That blows upon Thee from the hills of God!

## AT LAST

### I

At last, belovèd Country, oh, at last,

Thy grave words flouted, now gird on thy  
sword!

Else thou should'st seem but vassal to that  
lord

That strangles Belgium, and holds her fast,

That crushes Serbia, although aghast,

The world cries out: "No tyrant reigns afford  
A tale of such black wrongs; no blood out-  
poured,

Cries out so loud to Heaven from the past!"

Columbia, O Belovèd, O sublime,

Colossal in thy patience as thy strength,

Thou canst endure no more; what, is the sea,

The highway of the nations through all time,

Forbidden thee, except the tether-length

The haughty war-lord now metes out to thee!

## II

Our Country, O Columbia, how grand  
Thy woman-stature, how magnificent  
Thy crown of throbbing stars, how eloquent  
Thy speech, that even aliens understand!  
For thou dost stoop and take them by the hand,  
Thy foster-children, for thy care is spent  
Upon us all; and we are brothers blent  
In one obedience, once thou shalt command.

Goddess and Mother! call unto us now,  
And we will answer with a mighty cry,  
From mountain unto mountain, sea to sea;  
Send thy ships forth, thy hand upon each prow!  
We are thy sons, proud so to live or die,  
On some far field, as not unworthy Thee.













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